UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

THE *Christian Union*, commenting on the action of Congress in the appropriation for the World's Fair, doubts if the proviso respecting the Sunday closing be entirely constitutional, whether "it is the province of Congress to determine anything more than the economic expediency of such an appropriation." Between this proviso of Senator Quay's and that forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors of Senator Peffer, it pronounces the latter, which was defeated, far "wiser and more conducive to good morals."

EVERY reader of UNITY is requested to give particular attention to the appeal of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society on another page of this paper. This Society has long been doing an amount of practical missionary work far out of proportion to the financial support it has received, if judged by the standards of kindred organizations. It has now every promise of becoming more useful than ever before, and whether it is equal to the occasion or not will depend partly, if not altogether, on the support that is accorded to it by those who are in sympathy with its purposes.

WHERE is our literary center? asks Charles Dudley Warner, in a late number of *Harper's*, and proceeds to discuss the rival claims of Boston and New York. Chicago also comes in for a share of attention, but here the witty writer speaks cautiously, saying that it is very imprudent to raise the question of the rights and expectations of the World's Fair city, since "if the attention of Chicago is attracted to this opening—if it is convinced that literary supremacy is a good thing to have—it will snap it up in twenty-four hours."

The *Reform Advocate* thus replies to a question of the *Independent*, "What if Christ had not died?" The answer is somewhat too markedly from the Jewish point of view for the purposes of complete statement, but though it does not cover the whole question it contains much that is suggestive and worth reflecting upon:

> Had Christ not died this century would be spared the brazen shamelessness of persecution; none would crucify for him who taught to forgive; men would live to purer conceptions of true religiousness, and irreligious differences and separation would yield before the rise of uniting bonds. Christian would not hate Jew, and Jew would the more esteem Christian. "Churchianity" would cease and in its stead would stand that lofty Temple of Humanity and Shrine of God, whose base is earth, whose walls are sky, whose dome is the blue, overarching mankind.

A NEW association has lately been formed in this city, which combines some original and very suggestive features. It is the Industrial Art Club, whose main character and purpose are described in the title. Its object is something more than educational, and it is hoped through this means to do something to establish more intelligent and sympathetic relations between employer and employed. As one means to this end, the constitution provides that the president shall be selected from the class of employers, while the executive committee is composed entirely of the artists themselves. Thus a combination of all interests is secured in the management of the society, which ought to lead to greater harmony of spirit and method in the work all round. The solution of the vexed questions of labor and capital lie without doubt in this direction. There is a growing identity of interests between the man who wishes work done and the man who wishes to do the work, which will some day be completely established.

GRANDMASTER POWDERLY has recently spoken his word on the Sunday opening. He denies the construction put by some of the advocates of Sunday closing on the request of the Knights of Labor respecting the eight hours regulation for the six working days of the week. "We have demanded that in every seven days one shall be set apart for the employe, so that he may devote that day to rest, recreation or prayer, according to his American fancy." "American fancy" expresses much. As to the danger that the workingmen will not attend church on that day, that will depend altogether on the attractions offered by those having church matters in charge, says Mr. Powderly, with grim facetiousness, and reminds us that closing the Fair will not have the power to compel any man to attend divine service. Those insisting on the closing of the gates have had much to say about the laboring man's fear that the Sunday opening would establish a precedent in favor of seven working days, a kind of reasoning that makes us smile. We prefer to take the workingman's opinion on this point, as expressed in his own person.

IN a recent reading we came across the phrase, "the people who suffer to be charitable," and it describes very well much of the fitful misdirected work that goes on among many people, women chiefly, in supposed aid of the poor and unfortunate, who have nothing else to do. Those engaged in real work of this kind alone know its difficulties and discouragements, and how both spring far more from the mistaken efforts at relief on the part of the kindly-disposed but ignorant, than from the evils directly dealt with. The people who "suffer to be charitable" are those whom the interests of true charity and social reform demand should have as little to do with either as possible. Mere sentiment is now known to be greatly out of place in all such work. A cool and reasoning judgment is in as much demand as a humane disposition.

REV. A. D. MAYO'S latest report of the condition of educational affairs in the South presents many encouraging features. We learn of the new ways in which the southern women are interesting themselves in the better education of their section of the country, both in respect to the white and colored population. The old spirit of social ostracism and hatred seems if slowly still surely dying out. Northern residents, and especially the teachers, who have suffered peculiar hardships, are treated more justly. A spirit of growing self-reliance is also to be noticed, manifest in the action of the Virginia legislature in providing the means for her own state instruction; an example that cannot too soon be followed by the other states, if they would place themselves on a thorougly independent and self-respecting basis.

IN a previous number we have spoken of Professor Adler's visit to Germany, and the interest it has excited in the principles for which he stands. An account is given in the same paper, the *Conservator*, of a meeting held in his honor by the society of "Maccabeans," an association of Hebrew literary men in London. At this gathering Professor Adler spoke on "Agnosticism," saying that he deemed it important to overcome certain dreary ideas popularly connected with that hypothesis. Its fundamental principle, "I do not know," is one that the American mind can never rest under quietly. Professor Adler speaks more positively than some radical Unitarians when, after saying that "every man has a belief in the power of God," he adds that this belief, while it is one science cannot establish nor philosophy prove, is yet practically demonstrated to every intelligence by experience. This utterance is directly in line with many others from the same source and shows how deeply religious a supposed non-religious mind may be. It is quite within the possibilities that the ethical movement shall yet make valuable contribution to the coming rational religious creed and ritual.

A WRITER in the *Christian Union* tells the story of "The American Brother of John Keats." George Keats was the friend of men like Haydon, Severn and Leigh Hunt, during his residence as a young man in London before his removal with his young wife to these shores. He settled in Kentucky in the lumber business. His love for his brother John was one of the strongest feelings of his life. He died in 1840, and at the request of Mr. Emerson, who was then the editor of the *Dial*, James Freeman Clarke wrote a sketch of him, pronouncing him one of the most intellectual men he ever knew. His residence of twenty-two years in this country thoroughly Americanized him, and unlike many of his countrymen at that time he took out his citizen's papers at the earliest opportunity. His wife survived him until about ten years ago, having borne him many children, only one of whom is now living, John Keats, of Missouri. There are many descendants in Kentucky and other parts of the Union, but the family is said to be extinct in England.

WHAT is fame? we ask ourselves often over some new sign of neglected reputation, or missing honor, yet in certain ways fame is getting very easy. Genius no longer starves in a garret, or if still compelled to do a little starving it will never again die wholly unrecognized as long as the modern literary bureau exists. These institutions are designed apparently for no other purpose than to keep up the ambitious writer's faith in himself by sending him, at five cents a notice all the newspaper scraps it can gather about his work and himself. We wonder from what far-off height the dead and risen author of a book recently published at this office looked down and smiled when a letter from one of these enterprising firms reached us reading as follows:

> *Theodore Parker, Esq.*
> DEAR SIR: Your book, "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man," is attracting considerable attention. Will you allow me to send all notices referring to it that may appear in the leading papers of the United States and Europe?
> Yours faithfully,
> —— ——.

What a pity if the lover of "Bearsie" should not know and share our enjoyment of this.

RUSSIA continues to be a topic of uppermost interest to the sociological student, and presents the most puzzling and alluring problem of modern civilization; with her coarse and ignorant tyrannies on the one hand, luxurious refinement and a high degree of culture on the other. Reports come to us from one side telling of the flourishing condition of her universities, inviting comparison with the older and more favorably situated institutions of other countries, even showing the facilities afforded in the way of low cost of instruction and living to poor and ambitious students. From the other come repeated stories

of the peasant famine and the persecutions against the Jews, with the report that all classes of society there are becoming addicted to the vice of ether drinking, so that prohibitory enactments have been set up by government. The whole subject is clouded with mystery and romance, but a hopeful sign is found in the disposition and character revealed in the Russian exiles in America. It is said that no other class of emigrants evince so strong a desire to learn the English language, though they find it very difficult.

An Obsolete Religious Idea.

It will be long before orthodoxy can dismiss the old theoretical notion of sin, as a potent active force in the world, manifest in some form of the old personified devil, walking about seeking to destroy the souls of men. The *Methodist Recorder* voices this ancient fear when it says that "call it eternal punishment or what you will, nothing short of the conviction of an impending calamity or deprivation, involving man's highest interests will supply a motive strong enough to bring out that strenuous effort to reach men effectually." This is in reply to something the *Christian Register* recently said on the question of total depravity, a topic the *Recorder* thinks our Boston contemporary treats altogether too lightly. "What has Unitarianism to suggest in this direction?" it asks. The question is pertinent, but it is difficult to find the common standing-ground which will render the answer intelligible to those asking it. Unitarianism, having long since dismissed the old theological notion of sin, finding no warrant for it either in nature or experience, and believing it most mischievous as a moral incentive, finding on the contrary far more of good in the world than evil, and that most if not all of the evil is unformed good,—human ignorance and misery trying after mistaken methods to adjust themselves to better conditions,—Unitarianism, with this rational, unalarmed view of the general situation, cannot profess to be greatly exercised over the means which shall extricate man from a dire and perilous position in which it does not believe he exists. Every form of natural religion, as opposed to the religion of miracle and special dispensation, must rely only on natural means to promote the world to higher standards of belief and conduct. Orthodoxy begins by positing a universe at war with nature, at war even with its own Creator, with man as a fallen creature doomed to wretchedness, requiring the miraculous interposition of a dead and risen Christ or some other symbol of immaculate sacrifice for his spiritual rescue, and then triumphantly asks rational religion, which has no use either for a fallen man or a risen Christ, what it is going to do about it. It is not the religion of reason and nature which is on trial here. As justly ask the believer in republican principles how he is going to maintain the principle of self-government among the low outcast and ignorant classes of a selfish and corrupted Europe. Rather is it monarchy's task to account to the rest of the world for those elements of social ruin and despair she has herself created, as it is orthodoxy's to explain why, in spite of her terrorizing and superstitious practices of nearly two thousand years, so small a proportion of the world still remains unconverted, while the whole world is setting its face in the direction of a new belief and theory, one that makes all its worries and pains as needless as they are ridiculous. Growth, not conversion, is now known to be the natural means of salvation, and the salvation no longer concerns man's future estate as much as his present. Hope has replaced despair, the hope born not of miracle but of our own newly understood knowledge and belief in ourselves. The total depravity that was once so fondly thought to inhere in the entire human estate belongs now only to that creed and mental view that still persists in upholding it.

C. P. W.

The Unitarian Faith.

In proportion as one lacks spiritual insight and imagination, he will make a poor sort of Unitarian. If such an one be Unitarian by inheritance he will probably plant himself on his unbelief in certain current theological dogmas and call that the distinctive characteristic of his faith. Perhaps he will call himself a "Channing Unitarian" or a "Parker Unitarian" and pour out his vials of wrath on the heads of those who, while imbued with the spirit of the masters, have no scruples in departing from the letter of their teaching, indeed are most at one with them when they do so depart. Those who come to Unitarianism on the wave of a great reaction from the old ways of thinking, or not thinking, are apt to value it chiefly as an arsenal of weapons with which to fight their former beliefs, and can scarcely be induced to take it more seriously as a phase of religion that would have as cogent reason for being if there were no erroneous views to set right.

Perhaps the fact that Unitarians have dwelt more on righteousness than on theology, more on conduct than on creed, has given, to the average orthodox mind, the impression that their beliefs, if they have any, are hardly worth the mention, and indeed that it is a misnomer to speak of the Unitarian faith at all. It is certainly true that by the Unitarian faith we indicate a radically different kind of faith from that which passes under the form of orthodoxy. The latter brings before the mind certain doctrines to which those who hold the faith are supposed to subscribe as taught by divine authority.

When we speak of the Methodist faith we think of free grace and supernatural regeneration. The Presbyterian faith suggests foreordination and the unalterable decrees. The Baptist faith carries with it the rite of immersion and the closely guarded table of the Lord. But when we say the Unitarian faith we do not mean any hard and fast forms and doctrines to be received on infallible authority. We mean rather an attitude of mind, a movement of thought, a persuasion growing out of the nature of things, with always a window open towards the infinite, always the expectation of more light, more truth to break upon the vision, which will make present attainments seem poor and ridiculous.

Does this seem a vague and negative kind of faith? But the more definitely systems of belief, whether in science or religion, have been worked out and decided upon by the consensus of the supposed competent, the more, in the long run, have they proven inadequate to express the truth and have often become at last mere caricatures of it. This has been exemplified many times in the progress of thought. In the history of medicine, chemistry, astronomy, cosmogony, we may see the human mind climbing up through the most infantile conceptions to ever broader generalizations and wider outlooks. The broad and flexible statement of truth may be filled out as fast as the facts warrant, but a definite statement about anything before the facts are in on which to found the statement, is certain to become obsolete.

The Unitarian recognizes that the facts are not all in. The universe is vague because it is infinite, and the dimensions of truth are no less immeasurable. We can only be definite in our conceptions of little things and even then we are never sure that we have seen them in all their relations. The pebble, the blade of grass, the petal of a flower, the duty of the present day and hour, we may name and classify, but even then we have but touched the fringes of an unfathomable mystery. So Unitarian vagueness is justified on the ground that it treats of large themes, that it fronts great problems and dare not pretend to know more than it does. And yet, if one has heard any clear and earnest enunciation of Unitarianism, he has heard the expression of a large and triumphant faith,—faith in God, faith in man, faith in justice, in goodness, in the eternal sovereignty of right, faith in love as the shekinah of the Most High in our midst, an abiding faith that "no good thing is failure and no evil thing success." Such a faith carries with it its own authority for being, and is reinforced by all the upward movements of the human soul, by all the attainments of the intellect, by all the conquests of love.

J. R. E.

Pencilings.

Mr. Henry James has recently been reported as making a distinction between the intelligent and the cultured woman, expressing a decided preference for the society of the latter. The distinction is valid, but we wonder how many of the gifted author's rejected fellow-countrymen, of supposed hardier constitutions than the delicately-bred one which produced "The Europeans," would agree with this decision. For ourselves, we are, of course, out of court on such a matter, save for that interest the prisoner at the bar may always feel in the result of his trial. Otherwise, we should express a choice the exact opposite of Mr. James's. We like ideas themselves better than gilded talk about ideas, those first-hand evidences of mental power which the intelligent man or woman displays, with no thought of display, in every word and sentence, and which we often find wanting in the polished utterances of the reputed man or woman of culture. To be sure a tiresome quality is apt to lurk in the man of ideas. He is apt to believe in them so strongly that he feels bound to convert every one else to their acceptance, they serve no merely ornamental purpose with him as with the man of culture, rather the use of Thor's hammer and Jove's lightning bolts. Your man of culture is too often like the barber Nello, content to "skim the cream off from other men's talk." "Heaven forbid that I should fetter my impartiality with an opinion!" he exclaimed.

But there is a pretended intelligence as well as a pretended culture, and perhaps it was this Mr. James had in mind. Culture, even of a shallow type, can hardly exist apart from a genial and tolerant spirit, and intelligence may. An intelligent man may be a bore or a fanatic, the errors of the man of culture are of another order. Too often it happens that the man of ideas is the man with one idea, and when the man is a woman the aggravation and despair of the situation are correspondingly increased. Men find it hard enough to be bored or to submit to be instructed by each other, and resentment deepens to a sense of irremediable injury when such inflictions are suffered at the hands of their natural entertainers — women. The masculine intellect has accomplished marvelous things and is on the way to the attainment of still greater; the feminine will not soon, perhaps never, overtake it. The first must be forgiven the mistakes that always inhere in conscious greatness. It will be long before it will correct the habit of regarding the feminine as existing for such or anything outside its own need of relaxation, aid and encouragement. Mr. James, therefore, finds natural ground of complaint in the conversation of the woman who compels him to think after the habit of thinking has been laid aside for that day and the brain is in need of repose. But this is a form of discomfort the age does not promise to release him and his fellow sufferers from immediately.

C. P. W

Men and Things.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY wants 7,000 square feet for its intended exhibit at the World's Fair.

TENNYSON has just celebrated his eighty-third birthday. He is now next to the oldest living English author, his first book of poems being published in 1830.

MR. FROUDE is to inaugurate his new professorship at Oxford with a series of lectures on the Council at Trent and the Counter-Reformation, to be delivered some time during the coming year.

AN item is going the rounds of the press stating that Mrs. Scott-Siddons, the former popular elocutionist is living in extreme poverty in New York, but upborne by an impregnable pride that seeks to cover the truth from her friends. She makes an uncertain living by teaching.

THE copyrights of four famous novels expire this year: Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Dickens's "David Copperfield," Thackeray's "Pendennis," and Kingsley's "Alton Locke." We read that preparations are making in England for the publication of several cheap editions of the three last-named books.

MISS WOOLSON, author of "East Angels," "Anne," etc., is now living quietly at Oxford. She suffers from a severe form of deafness. Oxford has been the home of other popular lady novelists. Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Rhoda Broughton have both been familiar figures there, though at the present time they live in London.

A COMPANY of five women has been incorporated at Demorest, Ga., for the purpose of manufacturing spokes, handles and all kinds of woodwork, and to carry on a general mercantile business. Commenting on this the *Evening Post* says: "The southern women are coming well to the front in the woman movement. According to a southern writer, "instead of agonizing over their fall bonnets they are getting ready to adjust their liberty caps."

THE recent achievements of Miss Isabel Maddison and Miss Grace Emily Chisholm in the wrangling exhibition at Cambridge each of whom attained honorable distinction ranking much higher than the average male student, goes to confirm changing opinion on the subject of woman's fitness to study higher mathematics. "The failure of the school girl to reduce hogsheads to pints is proverbial," says one of the daily press, and thinks that joke ought to be buried. Attention is also called to the fact that the senior wrangler, Wm. Cavell, is congratulating himself on not being surpassed by either of the above-named contestants, and on the fact that he is a cousin of Miss Fawcett.

THE following explanation is offered of the title of Ruskin's book, "Sesame and Lilies:" The titles of the lectures were "Of Kings' Treasures" and "Of Queens' Gardens." Sesame is an herbaceous plant with sweet, oily seeds, valuable for food and medicine. Lilies have ever been regarded as perfect types of natural beauty. In these lectures—the former addressed to men, the latter to women—Mr. Ruskin pleads for union of use and beauty, of which sesame and lilies are symbols. In explanation of the title of the lectures, it may be added that men are regarded as kings of the earth, and book the treasures of their wisdom; and women as queens of the earth, and their homes the garden in which they cultivate the beautiful.

W. D. HOWELLS, in an interview on methods of literary work, says: "I have long ago learned to distrust and utterly to disbelieve in the idea of losing one's self in one's work. Whenever I have given way to the so called inspiration of the moment and have worked with reckless enthusiasm I have always found the next day that my work was rubbish and all lost. The writer must not lose himself in his characters or in his story. He must retain his self-possession, his self-control, and be constantly in the position of an outsider studying carefully his effects. He must be saying to himself, Is this natural? Is this right? in order to obtain the proper gauge of the values of his picture. I believe that the greatest effects are produced upon the stage by the artist who never forgets himself."

Contributed and Selected.

Shelley.

saw a star-beam imaged on the sea:
cloud came o'er it, and its light was gone.
saw the meteor-fires of heaven gleam forth
n beauty, but their glory was a flash:
hey shone divinely, and then vanished straight.
saw a rainbow spanning the blue hills;
moment like the Throne of God it glittered:
nother moment darkness took its place,
nd tempest wrapped the land in night. Even so
Vas thy brief splendor, Shelley. On our earth
hou didst descend like Hermes, the bright-winged
nd heavenly Messenger, from Gods to Men;
ut scarcely hadst thou lighted on our orb—
carce had the beauty of thy coming shone,
re thou wert borne away in clouds and lightnings
o the immortal homes of the Divine;
et shall the message which thou didst bring down
rom high Olympus, be with man forever,
melody of the spheres, a song sublime,
aught thee on high by the great Poet—God.

LEX.

A Place for Timely Help.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society has throughout its years of life been so modest and inconspicuous a body that a reference to it without a somewhat full explanation of its work and purpose would fail to be intelligible to a large proportion of UNITY'S readers. This fact must be my apology to those readers to whom this explanation will prove only a trite repetition.

The object of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society is twofold—first, to provide in convenient form and at reasonable prices text-books for the instruction of children and young people in the principles and data of rational religion; second, to develop and foster, through conferences, institutes and correspondence, the growth and multiplication of the Sunday-schools and religious study classes through all the territory that it can reach.

A good illustration of the way in which the Society is fulfilling its second aim is found in the reports published in last week's UNITY describing the successful Institute just held at Hillside, Wis., under the auspices of this Society. The publication work of the Society is even more important in view of the larger number who are directly influenced by the printed word sent out. To make its lessons available in poor Sunday-schools as well as rich ones, it is necessary that they be published at low prices, and this fact, together with the other obvious fact, that the constituency yet ready for instruction in rational religion is limited in extent, makes it impossible for the sale of lessons to help very much in meeting the necessary running expenses of the Society.

The other sources of revenue for the Society are three. First, annual memberships of one dollar each, which entitle the member to a vote at the annual meeting next following the payment. Second, life memberships of ten dollars each, which entitle the member to a voice in the Society's affairs during his life. Third, contributions from Sunday-Schools and individuals to the work of the Society.

At the Western Unitarian anniversaries held in Chicago last May, the pressure of important conference business made it necessary for the Sunday School Society to resign a portion of the time alloted to it on the program in favor of the larger body. Its officers cheerfully made the concession, which seemed necessary in view of the important subjects demanding consideration, but they have since that time been considerably hampered in carrying on the Society's work, partly because the usual collection taken up at the anniversary meetings was prevented, and partly because the work of the Society was so overshadowed in the reports and discussions after the conference, that its friends were made to forget their usual contributions. The result is that the Society is in great and immediate need of money, and its officers feel as if they had a good moral claim on the friends of the Western Unitarian Conference for help at this time, even without urging the consideration, valid at all times, that a strong Sunday-school society this year means a strong conference twenty years from now.

To bring immediate returns and enable those to help who do not feel that they can afford a direct contribution, I will personally renew for one month this offer which brought many responses last year: To any one sending one dollar in payment for any book or books published by me, I will send the book by return mail and will credit the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society with the full amount, thus making the remitter an annual member for the current year. I hope that at least five hundred of the readers of UNITY will accept this offer within a month, and that an equal number will make direct contributions large or small to the work of the Society. Please do not in any case postpone the consideration of the matter. If the Society's work is not to be impaired, its friends must respond promptly.

CHARLES H. KERR,
Treas. Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Supplementary Resolution.

Having been deeply interested in the attitude of the Western Conference during the past six years, I ask permission to speak a word through the columns of UNITY regarding its recent action. In the first part of the article published in UNITY, June 30, entitled, "The Supplementary Resolution," the writer emphasizes what was urged when it was adopted, and has been persistently urged since, that the new resolution has not in any way affected the fellowship basis of the conference taken six years ago. Further on the writer says, "Another objection words itself something like this: 'Either the new resolution means something or it means nothing, if it means something different from what we already have we do not want it, if it means nothing still less do we want it.' This spirit, it seems to me, is not an enviable one." I am one of that number. Personally, in all such differences of conviction as has existed during the past six years, there must be much in the situation that is not enviable, and in all earnest work for high proposes *personal* comfort must yield to higher considerations.

I have listened anxiously for one good reason why the conference should add to its basis of fellowship a new resolution that does not change its attitude and means *nothing*. What reason do its authors and advocates see for giving four or five hours of the precious time of the conference to earnest discussion for the adoption of a resolution that means *nothing?* It seems to me a very serious reflection on the intellectual dignity of our differing friends, that they can so gladly join hands again with an organization which they have labored earnestly for six years to destroy, merely because it has complied with their request to pass a resolution which does not in the least alter its open fellowship basis (the whole question at issue) and *means nothing*.

Again, it seems to me a still greater reflection on their moral integrity that they could so persistently work for the destruction of an organization consecrated to high religious purposes, and then return to it *because* a step has been taken which does not change its attitude and *means nothing*. Rather am I constrained to believe that in the main they have, during these past years, stood resolutely by their conscientious convictions, and that the resolution plainly concedes to them *all* that their convictions have demanded. It is openly urged in some high quarters that our seceding brethren are convinced that they have been mistaken and wrong, and that they have taken this course as the easy way back. I can not credit them with such moral cowardice. If they are so convinced what a rare opportunity to be noble, great, *Unitarian* enough, and true enough to all manly and womanly instincts to *say so*, and come back self-respecting men and women. I believe the majority, if not all of them, would do so.

Again the contributor quoted asks "why is it any more theological to say that we work to 'promulgate a religion in harmony with the above preamble and statement,' than to say we work for freedom, fellowship and character *in religion*?" I ask, is the desire to "promulgate a religion in harmony" with a *specific statement of beliefs* regarding God, worship and immortality, (all of these pertaining to questions in controversial theology, and dogmatic questions about which honest and noble men differ, all of them at best but means, not ends, in religion,) are these *identical* with the desire to receive all who wish to work for the advancement of freedom, fellowship and character in religion? It seems to me the word religion in the latter case takes on a widely different and more inclusive and peaceful meaning. These words can not be tortured out of their ethical, purposeful significance into dogmatic conclusions concerning theological questions.

Again we read: "The truth is, it should be a rule, especially in the work of an organization, to yield all all that is possible to yield without sacrificing one's sense of right." The plain inference from this is that the conference *has yielded*, and rightly so, in adopting the new resolution. Yet we have just been told that it has *not changed the fellowship basis* of the conference and that practically we have yielded nothing. Experience and observation during all these sad six years assure me that there has been no greater heart break, no tenderer yearning for reunion and peace, than with those who have worked persistently, and still are working, and will continue to work for the establishment of an all-inclusive religion, and that they will gladly yield anything "that does not sacrifice their sense of right," the high right to extend the helping hand to any fellow-being of *whatever belief* or of no belief, who wishes to join us to establish Truth, Righteousness and Love in the world.

LOUISE M. DUNNING.

No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser! But does not this stupid porter pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of heavy wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy liberty, thou entire blockhead.—*Carlyle.*

THERE are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed upon. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are more often injured by their own suspicions than they would be by the perfidy of others.—*Burke.*

The Exchange Table.

Charitable Work in London.

The churches of the Establishment in London enter upon their social work with the great advantage of the parish system, by which each church has a definite responsibility for a certain district; and of the long tradition which makes it natural for a church to have a number of workers with a variety of occupation. But otherwise they are not more forward than the Nonconformist chapels and mission societies, in entering upon the new duties which new occasions have brought.

It is almost a part of the popular ethics now in London to refrain from giving without due investigation. And many have arrived at the higher stage where they can see the importance and the human interest of learning for themselves how the poor live, and of helping them as their deepest needs require.

Charity organization is taking a wider scope as it progresses. It is making its framework available for those better forms of charity which have to do with prevention. It has given a clew to various associations for befriending children and young people. Among these the Country Holiday Fund, which, every summer, sends twenty thousand slum children singing through the underground tunnels on their way to the sunny fields. The Charity Organization Society also lends facilities to a most useful society which is taking in charge the question of the sanitary conditions of tenement houses. Indeed, the newer tendencies of organized charity begin to impart to this kind of work a kind of attraction such as one has not been able to feel before. The leaders are now going forward in the attempt to make each district committee include representatives of every agency working in any way for the bettering of the local community—churches, schools, parish officials, relief societies, workingmen's provident organizations, trades-unions, co-operative stores. With the combination of these forces the aim is to have each committee take in hand the whole social situation in its own district, endeavoring to bring the people to a true understanding of this situation, and to a willingness each to do his share toward making existence in that district wholesome and enjoyable.—*From "The Social Awakening in London," by Robert A. Woods, in Scribner's Magazine.*

LET every student have all the rest, recreation, diversion, amusement, required for keeping his forces in the finest condition; but he does not need one quarter of a year. A healthy student, and such as I constantly have in mind, can get as much vigor out of two months as out of three. Eight weeks in the woods will give all necessary power as well as thirteen. Eight weeks in the dissipating and charming enjoyments of society are better than thirteen for his college aims. A short vacation is better for a tired and healthy man than a long one spent in laborious diversions. We are trying to find a way in which college men can begin their professional career before the age of twenty-seven. "Shortening the college course" is a bad method for securing this aim. The college course is none too long, but the vacation is too long. Each student spends more than one year of his four in vacation. He cannot afford to spend so long a time. The college period is the only period of his life when he finds so long a period of rest necessary.—*Prof. Charles F. Thwing, in North American Review.*

Church Door Pulpit.

The Reality of Religion.

By Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Unity Church, Denver, Col.

I was talking lately with a veteran of the civil war, who was relating to me the achievements of his regiment and describing the quality of its officers. He mentioned the chaplain's name. "How did you like the chaplain!" I asked. "Pretty well," was the answer, "he was a good and a brave man and a fine preacher, but he was too fond at critical moments of forming the regiment into a hollow square and making a prayer or an address. We did n't care much about those things while we were down there among stern realities." The last phrase reminded me of an experience of my own. Just at the time when I was pondering upon entering the ministry a very attractive business offer was made to me. I considered the proposition and decided in favor of the ministry. When I reported my decision to the president of the corporation which had made me the offer, he said, "You are a fool to decline a place which gives you a large salary and a command of real and important interests. You are throwing yourself away on the pursuit of unrealities."

I suspect that the men who speak thus of religious interests as unreal represent a large element in modern society. The thing which benumbs or paralyzes the influence of religion over the minds of men is not logical skepticism, nor mere indifference, but the feeling that religion is something unreal. An investment in stocks and bonds is something tangible. An investment in character is quite invisible. Gain, power, pleasure, are things real and solid. Love, hope, trust, these seem like appearances or delusions, for they can not be added up in a ledger or stored away in a warehouse. A great property is something fixed and substantial. A certain state of mind or heart seems like an abstraction vanishing into nothing. I know many people who think of religion as a good thing to have at hand when trouble comes, perhaps as a good thing now to speculate about or meditate upon. But when they go out on to the street, and bring religious interests into competition with the stress of business and the visible prizes of life, then religion gets to be something very remote, it belongs to the realm of shadow and illusion, not to real life. It weighs nothing, it counts for nothing, it sells for nothing. The world is a market-place for buying and selling and getting profit. The cares of professional or business life are all-absorbing. The roar and bustle of the street drown the gentler music of faith and hope. The dust of the highways gets into our eyes so that we lose sight of the stars. Living for the most part in a world where outward things are sought, and inward things seem practically forgotten, it is eminently natural that the things of religion should appear to be vague and visionary and the things that are seen and temporal should appear to be the only realities.

Doubtless false religious teaching is largely responsible for the feeling of uncertainty about the reality of the unseen world. Religion is too often presented as something apart from life. It does not touch the world of common cares and worries and duties. It is something reserved for Sundays. It connects itself with stained-glass windows and with psalm singing, not with the loves of the fireside or the business of the shop. It separates faith and worship from ordinary righteousness. It shrinks from serious and searching inquiry. It keeps religion secluded until it grows musty. Such artificial or mechanical religious teaching distorts men's views and misdirects their efforts. It enlarges the error that darkens men's minds. We need to do all that we can to encourage the growing disposition to go behind the traditions of formal religion, and to avoid the old canting phrases and judgments. We ought to welcome the growth of an honest impatience with continued theological controversy and stimulate interest in those pressing problems of active life which find their solution in social regeneration. We need to make religion more of an everyday affair. We need to make it take its place among our familiar personal concerns. We need to recognize that religious ideas are not mere fancies, not the shadows of our emotions and enthusiasms projected into the infinite void around us, but real and vital forces. The powers that move and guide the world are not the outward powers, they are hope and fear and love. Our habits are of more consequence to us than our possessions. Our affections, invisible though they are, are worth more to us than broad lands or coveted honors. True happiness lies not so much in what we have as in what we are.

Do not think that I want to persuade you that delusions are realities by an appeal to your sensibilities or your self-respect. I have known people who when told that religion is a dream have only asked that they be not wakened. I am not made of that stuff. With one of our modern prophets I say, "If these precious hopes, these yearnings of the soul, these consolations of faith, these inspirations of love—if these be all dreams, then I pray God if there be a God or any power benign or baleful above our human life, waken me. Though the thunderbolt shatter my fancied bliss forever, waken me. For the soul sunk in dreams is lost even here. I will not waste my only life in visions. Better a dreadful truth than a sweet lie." It is in that spirit, out of that intense desire for the real and the substantial, that I declare to you the pre-eminent reality of the spiritual life. Religion contains not only the most serious but the most practical and potent facts of life.

This is, believe me, no emotional exaggeration. Your own experience and observation will confirm my plea. In ordinary affairs it is almost startling to think how that which is most real is that which is least seen. Take the case of yonder successful man of business. He has won name, place and power. His touch turns everything into gold. His keen eye detects the merits or the weaknesses of each new business venture. His property, won by his exceptional industry and shrewdness, is measured in millions. Here, you say, is something real. But there is something far more real going on in the invisible world of that man's soul. He would give all his hoarded wealth and all these visible treasures for one moments clasp of baby fingers round his neck or "the sound of a voice that is still." Or take the case of yonder ignorant laboring man. The real things of life to him seem the hard conditions by which he is surrounded and the monotonous labor by which he keeps himself alive. Look deeper. See how while his routine of work goes on his thoughts are far away with the wife and child in a distant home. See how he denies himself that he may send to those dear ones some token of his love. In that self-denial is the great reality of the man's life. It hallows his toil and dignifies his lot. Or watch the young bookkeeper in the store. All day he adds up dreary columns of figures, subtracts and carries forward. Is his life in these outward acts? No. Look within. See how his heart is filled with longing hopes, see how a woman's name gets tangled with his figures. His real life is in his dreams, not in his sums. Perhaps, unseen by all but God, he is tempted by the chance of unlawful gain. The opportunity to quickly reach his great ambition presents itself. The struggle has to be made alone. The comparative value of gain by dishonest means or poverty with honor has to be weighed in the balance. Is not the reality of that man's life in the silent and lonely battle wherein he rejects temptation and maintains his rectitude? Look into your own hearts. Is the life you lead amid the hurry and the eager competitions of business or society more real to you than the love that blesses your home, or the anxiety with which you watch by the bedside of your sick child, or the hopes that are the heralds of future joys? Is your good obtained half as real to you as your tidings of a better? Is it not better to travel hopefully than to arrive? I am not saying that outward circumstances, poverty, prosperity, monotonous toil, hard conditions or luxurious inheritances are not realities. I am only saying that far more intensely real are the spiritual qualities which grow up amid the helps and hindrances of this outward discipline. Our real interests are not in the processes by which we make our daily bread, but in the events which transpire in the invisible realm of the spiritual life.

I was calling once upon a woman who was the possessor of large wealth and established position. Her husband had been a conspicuously successful man. We were speaking about the joy of her life, its abundance, its treasures. "But," she said after a pause, "you have never seen my greatest treasures. I will show them to you." "Do," I said, "I am curious to know what they are." She went to her desk and pulling out a drawer showed me a faded wisp of yellow hair, a baby's slipper, and a few broken playthings. The tears were in her eyes and neither of us spoke. She was what is called a woman of the world. People spoke of her as cold and haughty. I had misjudged her, for I thought her incapable of sentiment or deep feeling. But this pathetic little collection, the only tangible memorials of her first-born, were more precious to her than all her earthly possessions. The longing mother-love was her greatest reality. Do we think we know the things that are worth possessing in this world? Can we judge of values? Money has value, and bonds and lands and mines of precious metals. Your broker will tell you what these are worth. But if you want possessions more real and lasting than these, seek the treasures of the spiritual life. Delve in the unfathomable mines that are to be wrought in the soul, explore the boundless realms of thought, traverse the freighted ocean of man's loves and hopes, climb the mountain peaks of faith and aspiration.

The utilitarian and secular philosophy of our day has mistaken a means for an end. It has tried to establish worldly prosperity as the aim of life. On the other hand the popular religious teaching has erred almost as much in the opposite direction. In exalting spiritual gifts it has disregarded the value of the temporal. It has been pleased to declare that as this world is transient and its interests momentary, therefore they are to be held lightly. It has set the concerns of "the world" and "the spirit" over against each other. This is a forced and unnatural divorce. It is the privilege of the rational Christian to maintain the essential co-operation of the temporal and the spiritual interests. Both secular philosophy and orthodox theology have distorte Truth's fair proportions by undu exaggeration of single elements the complete life. They have soug to pull apart what God joined t gether. The preacher is right whe he declares that character is th supreme attainment, that spiritu gifts are the most to be desired, an that treasure laid up in heaven more precious than earthly posse sions. The hard-headed man of bu iness is right when he urges th importance of this world's duties an the benefits to be derived from carefu and thorough attention to the objec of worldly ambition. Both err whe in emphasizing their special phase truth they blind their eyes to th equal sincerity and truth of th other's thought and practice. Spiri ual life is the end, and the activiti of the visible world are the means that end. The world is transient— does pass away, and so does name an fame and gain. But in the passin they leave indelible impressions an determine the lasting qualities character. Through the discipline earthly conditions we attain the spi itual realities. Our every day pu suits supply us with opportunities fo the achievement of permanent goo and furnish us with the instrumen wherewith character is shaped. It our high privilege to transmute a the passing gifts and opportunities the natural world into unseen bu eternal possessions.

Learn thus to take life at the sma end. I meet many people who try take it at the big end. They thin that if they could but know trut then they could act truly. No, truly, so shall you know trut Moral experience is the key to life problems. Faith is won by faithfu ness. Fidelity in the affairs that a seen and temporal wins the know edge of the unseen virtues. Absor tion in the affairs of this world is selling of a birthright for a mess pottage, but no less is a monki shrinking from this world's tempt tions a false and transient saintline Success in the objects of worldly am bition is no proof of real wisdom, n is withdrawal into cloistered seclusi a proof of virtue. Let life be the e ucation of the soul. Let the wor be a school for the attainment knowledge and character. Let t tumultuous activities in which t greater part of your lives are spe build up the moral fiber, enlar your humane sympathies, exalt yo hopes, deepen your faith. L thought increase by thinking, goo ness multiply by acts. Make yo religion something more than belief or a ceremonial. Make it righ eousness. Make your business som thing more than a routine of mone getting. Make it the opportunity the training and exercise of all mar virtues. What you become is mo important than what you posse Happiness is an attribute of the so Fortune, position, fame—these p vide inlets of pleasure, but they the selves are only means not en Happiness is more deeply concern with a man's thoughts and virtu than with his estates and hono The only treasures that we can saf carry through life or beyond it the principles and affections we ha built into the life of the soul. talk of the world and its interests real. Let us learn that "we are s rounded by eternal realities in midst of which this solid globe ours is but a bubble or a wreath smoke hanging in the morning and soon to disappear." God's in us is the only real and perman thing. As with loyal courage cheerfulness we seek to serve God serving man, as we develop and crease our spiritual gifts, we beco sure that these little lives of ours divine, that they are part of Go

life. "We put the universe under our feet and smile at darkening suns and crumbling worlds, for we know that the things that are seen are temporal and the things that are not seen, eternal."

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

The Columbus of Literature.

There is in these modern days a group of men and women who are thoroughly convinced that Francis Bacon wrote the so-called Shakespearian plays. They think, too, that a certain Falstaffian player on the boards of a London theatre has paraded in his fustian quite long enough before the literary world. So sure are they of this that they become impatient with the general skepticism prevailing as to the reasonableness of this opinion. I confess to being one of the impatient kind. To me it seems impossible, when the evidence is carefully and critically weighed, that we can come to any other conclusion. To adduce the arguments would require too much of UNITY'S valuable space; let it be enough for me to say that every day now brings new facts to light, new arguments for the Baconians. Evolution seemed simple when the laws of natural selection were understood; the facts soon created a literature, until the mass of circumstantial evidence now at hand must needs carry conviction to the most obtuse and stubborn mind which is yet willing to look carefully into the matter. So, too, with the critical examination of the Scriptural writings; the person of learning who could read Bäur and Renan and hold to the old ideas of the authorship of the various gospels, would not, as it seems to me, be a critical scholar; he would be so ingenuously single-minded as to deserve pity. This is not a very charitable way of putting it, but a good many people begin to think in this latter part of the nineteenth century that *pity* is the right word (rather than *tolerance*) for a certain state of satisfied mental imbecility. Where is the use of *tolerating* the opinion of that person who insists that a-b spells *ba* when he does n't know his letters and fancies he is wise. Of course he should n't be burned at the stake for having an opinion, but all the same his opinion will surely subject him eventually to contempt. When you are satisfied that the man who would argue with you knows the alphabet and what he is talking about, it is time enough to *tolerate* and cease to *pity*.

Another class of persons express a willingness to be convinced and evince a constitutional abhorrence of argument; they are mentally lazy and much like the farmer who went through his corn-field, hoe on shoulder, thinking every hill either good enough without hoeing, or too insignificant to waste his time upon. This kind conclude that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and smile benignantly upon the enthusiast with an idea. "Bacon or Shakespeare," think they, "where is the difference? We have the poetry just the same."

There is a difference. These unsatisfied, inquisitive fellows who are never quite ready to acquiesce in the propriety of leaving questions as they are, do unearth many curious things. So it is in this controversy; we now know many facts connected with Shakespeare, with Bacon and with their age, we never once thought of before. We are having a revival of interest in Shakespeare and in Bacon and if we thought Bacon a mighty intellect for giving us *Novum Organum* and the Advancement of Learning, we are now even more willing to concede that his brain was verily "concentric with the universe," and that he is now more than Homer, as he was before more than Aristotle. In fact, we find him the fourth great light of the world.

Another thing: these so-called Shakespearian plays do seem to us to be full of occult wisdom and philosophical and ethical meaning. We now understand that the author prepared them with that end in view, and begin also to know the wherefore. We begin to feel that the author appreciated their worth, that they are no accidents of a bucolic genius and that they were intended ultimately for a larger and far different audience than graced the pit of the London theatre of that day, splitting its sides over the obscenity of a Falstaff.

It is worth our while to seek an introduction into the labyrinthian chambers of that subtle mind of that man who wished to hide his book "deeper than ever plummet sounded." The explorations become fascinating when once we have found entrance into the vestibule. Mr. Donnelly massed a world of facts in his great cryptograms, other writers are delving into other mysterious things by the light of this torch. Mrs. Henry Pott is one of these, Mr. W. F. C. Wigston is another. His works are "A New Study of Shakespeare," "Bacon, Shakespeare and the Rosicrucians," "Hermes Stella," "Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet and Philosopher" and "The Columbus of Literature, or Bacon's New World of Sciences." *This last is, indeed, a curious work, full of lore which would delight a Theosophist or a Mason. It is not particularly well written, there are repetitions and far-fetched ideas which are too long drawn out, but we have, on the other hand, compensating curiosities and a wealth of erudition which proves the author to be one of the profound thinkers and true critics of the age. Perhaps he dwells too long upon a good thing and recurs too frequently to it, as, for instance, the line from "Merry Wives of Windsor"—"Hang-Hog is Latin for Bacon, I warrant you"—yet his minuteness of details and exceeding care in working out his ciphers, make his work as valuable to the scholar, as it is interesting to the general reader. The plates from ancient texts are well predared.

H.

The Story of Jane Austen's Life. By Oscar Fay Adams. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, $1.25.

The author has told this story of a life with a simplicity, faithfulness and affection that gives the narrative dignity and beauty. He says plainly that Jane Austen, the novelist, has been much written about; but it is his wish to tell of Jane Austen as a woman. He has succeeded admirably; and the reader feels, as he lays down the finished book, that he really knows this gentle, brilliant, kindly, lovable woman, whose life ran in even ways, and who grew and blossomed in the sunshine of a sheltered home and happiest conditions.

One of the strongest impressions that the reader carries away is of the beautiful relation between Jane Austen and her helpful sister, Cassandra, making true these lines o Christina Rosetti:

"For there is no friend like a sister,
In calm or stormy weather,
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands."

And the next strongest impression to at least one reader is, that in order to be great, good, well-rounded, wide-reaching and beautiful, a life does not necessarily need tragedy, heavy heart trouble, nor the solitude of being misunderstood. Involuntarily, almost, one feels like fitting to Jane Austen the words that Austin Dobson wrote of another:

"None worship mine, but some, I fancy, love her—
Cynics to boot I know the children run,
Seeing her come, for naught that I discover,
Save that she brings the summer and the sun."

*F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, 1892.

Pushed by Unseen Hands. By Helen H. Gardener. New York: Commonwealth Company, 121 Fourth avenue. Cloth, $.100, paper, 50 cts.

A volume of short stories that continues if it does not fully redeem the promise of the author's books "A Thoughtless Yes" and "Is This Your Son, My Lord," which UNITY reviewed when published. There are ten of these stories. The opening one, "An Echo from Shiloh," is a baffling account of one of those psychical phenomena that to certain minds establish a communication with spirits of the dead as a fact, while to most they are inexplicable yet fascinating. The author skillfully brings out the various theories and withholds her own view. "Old Safety-Valve's Last Run" is a realistic account of a railroad superintendent who kept an engineer on duty without sleep for twenty-seven hours, and then when courts made a little perfunctory inquiry, saved his own stainless reputation by a little judicious use of money. Of course some passengers were killed and the engineer was made a hopeless maniac. "How Mary Alice was Converted" is in a lighter vein, and is a bright and faithful account of a "revival" meeting, where Mary Alice understood very little of what was being said, but had her emotions sufficiently aroused to give what was accepted as adequate evidence that she had "found Christ." "Onyx and Gold" is a pathetic story from life of the working of one particular state law that enables the rich to rob the poor. Perhaps if Miss Gardener pursues her investigations she will find that more laws than she yet imagines have the same effect. Most of the other stories in the book deal with the problems of heredity and prenatal influence, and they will do good work in extending popular knowledge of a subject still too little considered.

C. H. K.

Leaves of Healing. Gathered by Katharine Paine Sutton: Boston, American Unitarian Association.

These selections are in prose and verse arranged under the eight topics: Life's Victories, Death's Ministry, Immortality, The Family on Earth and in Heaven, Eternal Goodness, The Father's Will, Aspiration and The Perfect Trust. The authors most quoted are the two Brownings, Emerson, Frederick L. Hosmer, J. R. Lowell, George Macdonald, Whittier and Mrs. Whitney. There are two translations from the Arabic, by Edwin Arnold, the Angel of Death and He Who Died at Azan, also He and She by the same author; there are several hymns from our own liberal writers and many quotations from contributors to UNITY. Beautiful are the passages upon Perfect Trust, but some do not distinguish between submission to God's will and submission to the thwarting of God's will. This excellent book has over 200 pages, is furnished with an index of authors and of subjects and is a *very* desirable collection. It will bring comfort to many sorrowing hearts.

Horae Sabbaticae. By Sir James FitzJames Stephen, Bart., K. C. S. I. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Sir James Stephen is the son of one distinguished essayist and the brother of another, and at the same time he is also one of the first lawyers of his time. As an essayist he certainly has not the charm of his brother Leslie. His writing has no superficial graces. His manner is habitually dry and sometimes almost gritty. Nevertheless these essays are good to read. The great lawyer, the great judge, has not cast off his legal and judicial part entirely in them. Here too he shows the legal mind, and here too he is a judge and not an advocate. The essays are a series of articles from the *Saturday Review*, and hence the title "Horae Sabbaticae," by a neat circumbendibus. These are the avocations of a busy man whose vocation has been to carry on the work of Bentham in the simplification of English law, that famous "wilderness of precedent." They might well have given a man his vocation for a dozen years. Some of the thirty-five subjects are as follows: "Joinville and St. Louis;" "Montaigne's Essays;" "Archbishop Laud;" "Chillingworth;" "Jeremy Taylor," who gets four papers; "Voltaire," who gets a long one in three parts on his morals, metaphysics, and theology; "Clarendon;" one on his "Life" and one on his "History of the Rebellion;" "Hobbes," to whom four essays are allotted; "Bossuet;" "Locke," four papers; "Boyle;" "Mandeville." Here is a learned and delightful range, while still we have not mentioned papers upon Butler, Warburton, Gibbon and Hume. The paper on Archbishop Laud is an amusing commentary on the way in which his name was vaunted by the Oxford Tractarians; for it shows that, for all his insistence on the divine authority of monarchy and Episcopacy, he had much more in common with such men as Whately and Arnold than with Newman and Pusey and their kind. It will be seen that Sir James Stephen has been attracted to a range of subjects similar to that which attracted his brother in his "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century." The present series is all the better for complementing that.

J. W. C.

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Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—The new secretary, Rev. F. L. Hosmer, reports promptly for duty at Headquarters to-day, Thursday, September 1st.

—The senior editor returns to his place with the beginning of the month, and will occupy his pulpit next Sunday. He will have entire charge of UNITY during September, the assistant editor taking a month's vacation.

Shelbyville, Ill.—Mrs. Ada H. Kepley was ordained as pastor of the First Congregational church, July 24, notice of which would have appeared in our columns before had it reached us earlier. Rev. W. H. Lloyd gave the invocation, Rev. T. B. Forbush the sermon and right hand of fellowship. Rev. J. L. Douthit the charge. Prayer was offered by Rev. John H. Heywood of Louisville, Ky., and an original hymn by Mrs. Emily L. Douthit also appears in the printed program.

Over Seas.—Rev. Marian Murdock and Miss Florence Buck, who has been studying at Meadville the past year, sail for England September 3d, in the same ship bearing for a few months' rest, Rev. S. J. Barrows and his wife, of the *Christian Register*. A happy voyage, and renewed health and strength to all these friends.

The Sunday School.—We are in receipt of the first four numbers of a series of lesson papers on Noble Lives and Noble Deeds, issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Boston. No. I. Self-Control, by Rev. E. A. Horton; No. II. Concentration, by Kate Gannett Wells; No. III. Honesty, by Kate L. Brown; No. IV. Observation, by Katherine Hagar. The series is described as one intending to "illustrate Christian character," and will run through the year, comprising forty numbers. Price for series 40 cents.

Forest City, Ia.—The Rev. T. P. Byrnes of Humboldt, Ia., delivered two very interesting and instructive sermons at the Congregational church, Sunday, August 7, morning and evening. His morning subject was "Rational Foundations for Belief in Immortality," evening, "Forces that Work for Good in Nature and Humanity." "We think the tendency towards liberality in religion is increasing, and we hope the time is not far distant when we may have regular services," writes our correspondent.

Boston. — Rev. Messrs. Hale, Wendte, Cressey and several other ministers who spent the summer in Europe have now returned to their pulpit work or soon will sight their home duties.

—Autumn work has already opened in the A. U. A. Room, and the Sunday-School Society now announces new manuals and weekly sheets of general class lessons.

—Rev. Wm. I. Lawrence, Japan missionary, writes of quiet, steady progress in his Unitarian churches and schools, and of friendly relations with the native educational leaders in that county.

—At the close of the summer we are saddened to record the death of Rev. William W. Hayward and Rev. Crawford Nightingale, ministers always ready to give time to any needed Christian work.

—It is proposed to erect a large building in the "Grove" in Weirs, N. H., for indoor services of future Unitarian camp gatherings.

—The Union Sunday services at the two open Unitarian churches were last Sunday conducted by Rev. H. G. Spaulding and Rev. C. D. Bradlee, D. D.

—Rev. M. J. Savage will give the address at the annual meeting of the Sunday-school society; which will occur October the 6th.

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There is a freshness about Mr. Blake's writing, an unaffectedness and simplicity that reminds one strongly of Charles Lamb. Mr. Blake possesses a rich vein of poetry, his conceits are never unhappy nor his metaphors obscure. His style is correct, and with a special charm of its own, and he is never wearisome or otherwise than interesting.—*Detroit Sunday News.*

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The style in which these legends are written is charming and adjusts itself with wonderful felicity to the nature of the themes. But our pleasure was seriously diminished when we found that the author classes the miracles of the Old and New Testaments with other legends . . It is sad indeed when powers of such an order are used . . etc.—*The Living Church.*

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We can cordially recommend her little volume to not only individual readers, but to members of the Browning Clubs who are endeavoring to make a special study of the poet.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Pittsburg Times:—A companion piece for Wallace's "Ben Hur" is Hancock's "Genius of Galilee." In these two books are set forth the two points of view from which the forces of opposing thought are approaching Christianity—the one accepting the letter of Scripture, the other reducing the whole story to a basis of pure naturalism, around which during the first century and a half of our era there gathered a mass of legend and Alexandrian speculation. Between the points of view there is no place for any harmonizing process such as that which Dr. Briggs has set up, according to which the Scripture is divine, but only in its concepts. Newman said there was no medium between Atheism and Catholicism: so these writers teach that there is no medium between perfect inspiration and pure naturalism.

Rochester Union and Advertiser:—In the epilogue of the book are traces of skeptical, or at least, decidedly monotheistic and anti-trinitarian views. Such conclusions will antagonize one class of readers and please others. Of the story and description, however, it may be said that is simple, graceful and attractive.

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As Nebraska boasts the exact territorial center of the United States, it is evident that a college in Lincoln, the capital, would be about as far from salt water as any institution in America could be. To Eastern readers some of the situations are peculiar. We are first introduced to a party of young men who are preparing for an evening at their literary society. At the University of Nebraska, co-education is, of course, in vogue. In Palladian Aula, ladies hold office, as well as the men. It is evident that the book savors of the surroundings which to people used to the seaboard variety are just a trifle strange. It is a story of college life, yet very different from the Tom Brown books, Verdant Green, Fair Harvard or A Senior at Andover. There is not incident enough. There is too much love making, if this is to be considered an actual picture of life at an interior college where the two sexes are educated in common. In fact its situations might furnish an argument against the opening of the doors of the older Eastern colleges to both boys and girls. Here is a college full of young people and the boys, just once, go on a rampage and capture a cannon, in some way involved in their military drill against which they thus protest, but they are forever talking Geology and Literature. If this be a true picture, then the Millennium in college behavior has surely been reached, west of the Missouri. If it be a true presentation, we can only state that it differs much from life in Eastern colleges.

But when we came to love making, that is just the same the world over. Cupid is just as pretty and just as remorseless on the prairies of the West as in the cities of the East, and a novelty in his career it is difficulty to find. It is doubtful whether so much introduction of didactic matter, whether of science or art, adds to the value and interest of the book. No one reads novels for instruction. We read for diversion, and nine-tenths of those who peruse John Auburntop will simply skip the instructional parts. John Auburntop early falls in love with Minerva Jackson, and the love scenes are exceedingly well done. In college, and at her Elm Creek home, the phases of love life are well wrought, but why the author should consign both parties to hopeless misery in marrying, not each other, but those whom they do not love, is inexplicable. George Eliot had a way of drowning or in some murderous manner disposing of her best people, all because she, personally, had found life unhappy, but we may suppose that this writer is more like the rest of folks, fairly well satisfied with life as it comes. Instead of uniting the Nebraska lovers he consigns one to the embrace of a groceryman, very commonplace, and sends the man to Boston to win his way at the Hub. Some one commenting, remarks that perhaps it is the more common way, to thus separate and lacerate; but it is doubtful. The book has this charm for Eastern people that it introduces new characters, new scenes and novel conditions,—the same charm that Edward Eggleston's books afforded twenty years ago and those of W. E. Howe, at a more recent date. The Unity Library is sending out an excellent variety of reading matter. We shall be glad to hear from the author of John Auburntop again.—*Light* (Worcester, Mass.)

As a series of essays, reviews and speculations there is much to admire. The author has evidently read extensively and critically, and we are indebted to him for many smart, if not brilliant observations on things in general, and books in particular. There is perhaps too evident a display of scholarship, a fault, or rather a vulgarity, which the author seems to be aware of, since he apologizes for this sort of thing on page 272. Mr. Hancock sneers at Blackmore's style in Lorna Doone and is not altogether satisfied with Victor Hugo, which marks him as an intrepid critic to say the least. He will, of course, be the more patient of criticism himself.—*Detroit Sunday News.*

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—*Theodore Parker.*

My Girl.

Like the summer day in June,
Fair and gentle, pure and mild,
With fore'er a summer bloom,
In her virtues and her smile,
I would have my girl.

Like the glowing, early dawn,
Giving life and health to all,
Like the diamond dew of morn,
Fresh'ning flowers great or small,
I would have my girl.

Like the fairest lily-bell,
With its heart so pure and white,
Like a restful bird-thronged dell,
Full of harmony and light,
I would have my girl.

Like the modest violet,
With its meek contented face,
I would have her vie with it
Glad to fill her 'lotted place,
I would have my girl.
—*The Cup Bearer.*

A Fish Out of Water.

"A fish out of water" is a synonym for any creature that is strangely out of its element. Yet fishes do sometimes get out of the water, and they do it from choice, and seem to enjoy the change.

It would be more exact to say that some fishes do this, and not that fishes sometimes do it. Most fish live in water, and die if kept out of it for any length of time, but it is well known that a species sometimes come out of the water, and move themselves in various ways upon the land; sometimes travel upon it for long distances; sometimes even climb trees, and sit upon rocks—perhaps to gaze at the prospect; who can say?

By these facts is destroyed one of the fondest traditions of our childhood. The oldest of us can recall the days when we solemnly asked each other, "Why is a fish like a stone?" and solemnly "told" the answer: "Because it can't climb a tree!" Science has discovered that a fish can climb a tree. Who knows but we shall some day be told that a stone is equally agile?

It is common, I believe, for eels to leave the water and roam about in the mud; but eels are vulgar creatures, and goodness knows whether they even bear a Latin name to bless themselves with.

But the most remarkably dry-land fish has a name as long as his body. It is *Periophthalmus*. Very kindly, naturalists allow ordinary mortals to speak of him as the "goby." The little creature is about four or five inches long, with a big head, prominent eyes, and side or pectoral fins, which are more like legs than anything else. The goby comes on shore, and scrambles along the banks in search of food. One ardent naturalist tells us that he took a shotgun and "picked off his gobies, as they hopped along the muddy shore, as if they were snipe."

These gobies are common in New Zealand, where the natives call them the "running fishes." On our own shores we have a goby of a somewhat similar habit. This inoffensive creature has been called by naturalists the *Gobius soporator*.

"Recently a party of naturalists traveling in Mexico and Texas found some of these little fishes and confined them in a pail. They remained in it a short time; then, to the astonishment of the observers, several of them were seen clambering over the side of the pail, and dropping down upon the ground, when they proceeded to wriggle their way to the water, not far distant. They used the fins as legs, and made very good progress. When replaced in the pail they tumbled out again, and could only be kept there by placing a board over the top of their prison."

Fishes that hibernate and fishes that migrate have been observed and written about; and the curious facts about these odd little creatures would fill many pages.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Boy's Manners.

"His manners are worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" This is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy.

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly, and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit to the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anyone would have been pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of it. A little later the boy came into the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled it up at the collar, and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the haughtiest or the poorest.

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may be truly unselfish and yet not have this boy's prize. You may wish to do things for others, yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness or awkwardness, but to put into direct and instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you.—*Selected.*

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The story opens with an account of a journey by prairie-schooner made by a lively party of students through Colorado, and their amusing adventures cover the first few chapters. Near the crest of the Rocky Mountains the party came upon the dwelling of a French scientist who had selected this as a suitable place for electrical experiments, and had constructed two very delicate telegraph instruments with a view to utilizing atmospheric currents instead of wires in the transmission of messages. When the students find him he has already taken down one of his instruments and is about to take down the other. He stops, however, to explain the design of the instrument to the students, and at that moment, without apparent cause, the instrument begins to click, and after a few intelligent efforts to understand the language of the message, the party find themselves in communication with the planet Saturn. This gives opportunity for the transmission of much interesting information as to the philosophy and social organization of that planet, and the author improves that opportunity well. To quote from the *Twentieth Century:* "The author has evidently read 'Robert Elsmere,' 'Looking Backward,' and other sociological and religious (?) novels, and, realizing their shortcomings as novels, has not fallen into the error of introducing long and seemingly interminable discussions. The reader is never allowed to forget that he is reading a story—and thus the interest never flags."

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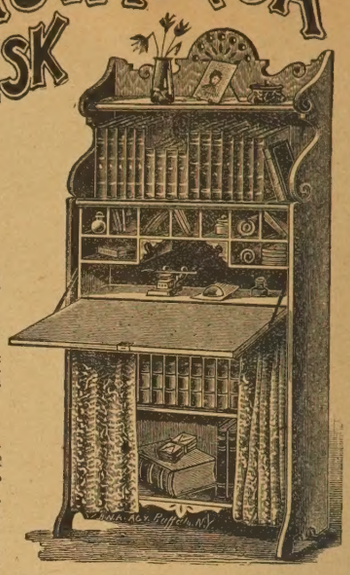

If you will buy one of our Combination Boxes of "Sweet Home" Soap and Toilet Articles.

YOU MUST HAVE SOAP—It is an absolute necessity—the only question is where you shall buy it; we make it a decided object for you to buy of us—**direct from factory to consumer, and save all middlemen's and dealers' profits.**

REMEMBER, "Sweet Home" Family Soap is an extra fine pure Soap, made from refined tallow and vegetable oils. On account of its firmness and purity **each cake will do double the work of common cheap soaps.**

OUR COMBINATION BOX contains a large supply of the **best Soaps** and **finest Toilet Articles** made, and will give satisfaction to the most fastidious person. We have been manufacturing Soaps for over 17 years, and operate one of the largest and best equipped plants in this country, **having a capacity of fifteen million pounds a year.**

The "Chautauqua Desk"

is a "thing of beauty" and will be "a joy forever" to all who possess one. It is artistically designed, complete in appointments, a model piece of furniture, and affords what nine out of ten homes lack—a suitable and convenient place for writing letters, studying, drawing, etc., etc., which will be used and appreciated by every member of the family.

It is made of **SOLID OAK,** varnished and hand-rubbed antique finish, with brass trimmings. It stands **five** (5) **feet** high, is two and a half (2½) feet wide and ten and a half (10½) inches deep. It is a perfect and complete desk, and also has three roomy book shelves, a top shelf for bric-a-brac, seven pigeon holes for papers, compartments for letter paper, ink, etc. When placed in your home, filled with books which you prize, and ornamented with the gifts of friends, it will become a centre of attraction, and you will be grateful to us for adding a new pleasure to your life.

ORDER TO-DAY

YOU RUN NO RISK. *and if after* **30 days' trial** *you are not convinced that the goods are all we claim, will refund your money without comment, simply on receipt of your request, and no charge will be made for what you have used and we will take the Box and Desk away at our own expense.*

HOW CAN WE DO MORE?

Remit $10.00 by check or any way that is most convenient and we will ship at once the great Box and the beautiful Desk. The desk is carefully crated so it will not rub or chafe and we guarantee the goods to arrive in perfect condition. We have storage warehouses in the large cities, and your order will be filled from the warehouse nearest you, so delivery will be prompt. We do not pay freights and cannot possibly afford to, giving such an immense bargain as we do, but as each order goes from the nearest warehouse, we find the average freight on Box and Desk our customers pay is less than one dollar. Send all orders direct to BUFFALO, N. Y.

READ THESE!

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN AMERICA,
111 Reade Street, New York.

Larkin Soap Manufacturing Company, June 1st, 1892.

Gentlemen—You may ship me another Combination Box of Sweet Home Soap at once. This is my fifth order so you may safely assume I am pleased with the liberal way you have always treated me. You can make such use of my testimonial, as to the excellency of your goods, as you desire.

MRS. (GENERAL) BALLINGTON BOOTH.

150 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, June 9th.

Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—I take pleasure in stating that during the past three years we have used in my household three of your Sweet Home "Combination Boxes" with the various extras, etc., which you give; during this time we have not had to buy any other soap for laundry, household or toilet use. The goods are very pleasing to my family; we have found the extras all that you have promised, and I consider the entire outfit a most excellent investment. You are at liberty to use this letter as you think best.

(Signed) JESSE L. HURLBUT,
Sunday School Sec'y and Principal of the C. L. S. C

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23.

My Dear Mr. Larkin:

I have thoroughly tested your various toilet articles and am delighted with their exquisite quality. The handkerchief perfume is especially pleasing and I intend to adopt it exclusively.

Sincerely yours,
HELENE MODJESKA, (Countess Bozenta.)

We can refer you to thousands of people who have used Sweet Home Soap for many years and still order at regular intervals, also Bank of Buffalo, Bank of Commerce, Buffalo; Henry Clews & Co., Bankers, New York; Metropolitan National Bank, Chicago, or any other Banker in the United States. Also R. G. Dun & Co. and the Bradstreet Co.

EACH BOX CONTAINS

ONE HUNDRED CAKES, (full size)..	$6.00
"SWEET HOME" Family Soap, enough to last an average family one year. Has no superior.	
II BOXES BORAXINE, a New and Wonderful Discovery! How to Wash Clothes Without Boiling or Rubbing, Cannot Possibly Injure the Fabric. Simple—Easy—Efficient. *In each package is a coupon for 10c., payable in goods—worth in all*	1.10
	1.10
One Box (1-4 Doz.) Modjeska Complexion Soap. An exquisite beautifier. Imparting a velvety softness to the skin, which is greatly admired. It removes all roughness, redness, blotches, pimples and imperfections from the face. Especially adapted for the nursery or children's use.	.60
One Bottle Modjeska Perfume, A DELICATE, refined, delicious perfume. Most popular and lasting made.	.30
One Box (1-4 Doz.) Ocean Bath Toilet Soap A delightful and exhilarating substitute for sea bathing.	.30
One Box (1-4 Doz.) Creme Oatmeal Toilet Soap.	.25
One Box (1-4 Doz.) Elite Toilet Soap	.30
One English Jar Modjeska Cold Cream, Delightfully Pleasant, Soothing, Healing. Cures Chapped Hands and Lips.	.25
One Bottle Modjeska Tooth Powder Preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath.	.25
One Packet Clove Pink Sachet Powder, Refined, Lasting.	.25
One Stick Napoleon Shaving Soap	.30
Price of Articles if Bought Separately	$11.00
DESK if Bought of Dealer	10.00
All for $10.00 {YOU GET THE DESK GRATIS.}	$21.00

ESTABLISHED 1875. INCORPORATED 1892.
CAPITAL, $500,000.00.

Over Ten Thousand persons who have used "SWEET HOME" Soap for several years have become Stockholders in our Company.

Larkin Soap Mfg. Co.

FACTORIES: Seneca, Heacock, and Carroll Sts.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Summer Tours to Cool Retreats via The Big Four Route.

Prominent among the popular tourist lines of the country, the BIG FOUR ROUTE on account of its superior facilities and excellent train service occupies a pre-eminent position. With solid vestibuled trains from St. Louis, Indianapolis and Cincinnati to New York and Boston, passing along the cool shores of Lake Erie to Chautauqua and Niagara Falls and across the Empire State via the Great Four Tracks (New York Central & Hudson R. R.) it offers unequaled attractions to the eastern tourist. To the westbound passenger it offers the FINEST TRAINS in America with palace sleeping cars, reclining chair cars and parlor cars to Chicago, passing in full view of the World's Fair Buildings and to Peoria and St. Louis, making connection with the Trans-Continental lines for all western points. Elegant dining cars on all through trains. Be sure your tickets read via the BIG FOUR ROUTE. D. B. Martin, General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LOW RATE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The announcement that the North-Western Line, comprising over 8,000 miles of thoroughly equipped railway, has arranged to run two low rate Harvest Excursions during the months of August and September, will be gladly received by those who are interested in the development of the great West and Northwest, as well as by those who desire to visit this wonderfully productive region at a season of the year when exact demonstration can be made of the merits and advantages it offers to home-seekers and those in search of safe and profitable investments.

These excursions will leave Chicago on August 30th and Sept. 27th, and tickets can be purchased at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Montana. They will be strictly first-class in every particular and will be good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of purchase. Full information concerning rates and arrangements for these excursions can be obtained upon application to any coupon ticket agent, or to W. A. Thrall, G. P. T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago.

THREE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

Half Rates via the Illinois Central.

Aug. 30th, Sept. 27th and Oct. 25th, 1892.

The Central Route will sell Excursion tickets to the Agricultural Regions of the West, Southwest and South, at one fare for the Round Trip, from stations on its lines north of Cairo, on August 30th, and September 27th. A third excursion will be run to the South and Southwest on October 25th. Your Local Ticket Agent will give you full particulars in regard to these Harvest Excursions; arrangements can also be made in this connection to visit the desirable Railroad Lands for sale by the Illinois Central in Southern Illinois on obtaining special permission to do so by addressing the Company's Land Commissioner at Chicago, Mr. E. P. Skene. In addition, a few weeks before the first Excursion date, your Local Ticket Agent will be able to furnish you with a special Folder, issued by the Illinois Central, which will give you particulars of these Harvest Excursions in such form as will enable you to plan your journey at home. Should you not be within call of a railroad ticket agent, address A. H. Hanson, G. P. A., Illinois Central R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Indigestion. Dizziness. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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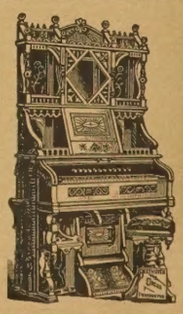
Charm (dime size) with the Lord's Prayer coined in smallest characters, and strung on blue silk ribbon, sent free to any one sending 10 cents for sample copy of The St. Louis Magazine. **FREE** Aluminum is the wonderful new metal, bright as silver, light as wood, strong as steel, will not tarnish. **St. Louis Magazine,** 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

. . . . . Send for

A Help to High Living

—to Mrs. WILLIAMS, 593 Jackson boulevard, Chicago. (25 cents a copy.)



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